

What Do You Eat?
Electric Light Flour
Has Long Been a Favorite.
The mill has just been remodeled, and the flour is better than ever.
IF YOU LIKE GOOD BREAD
GIVE IT A TRIAL.
Electric Light Flour is made by
WORK & CO.
only, but SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

CAPITAL, \$100,000.
SURPLUS, \$20,000.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.
CHAS. MERTS, President.
H. L. HINE, Vice Pres't.
R. B. CARNAHAN, Cashier.
DIRECTORS,
Chas. Merts, H. L. Hine,
H. W. Riddle, C. S. Leonard,
Orrin Stevens.
YOUR BUSINESS IS SOLICITED.

SECOND NATIONAL BANK
OF RAVENNA, OHIO.
CAPITAL PAID UP, \$150,000
In U. S. Bonds.
U. S. BONDS of all kinds bought
and sold, and exchanged at current
market rates.
U. S. COUPON FOUR PER CENT
BONDS on hand for immediate
delivery.
G. F. ROBINSON, President.
C. A. REED, Vice Pres't.
WM. H. BEEBE, Cashier.
F. H. CARNAHAN, Teller.

Business Cards.
JOHN PORTER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
BLACKSTONE BLOCK, RAVENNA, O.
TO LOAN—Money to loan on Farm Property.
JOHN PORTER,
1271-17.
C. H. GRIFFIN,
DENTIST—Office over First National
Bank. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
H. H. SPIERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office
in Blackstone Block.
Office open at all hours.
J. H. DUSSEL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, and NOTARY
PUBLIC. Counsel in English and German.
Furnishes business and foreign correspondence
collected. Agency reliable Steamship lines
Office over Fifth Clothing Store, Ravenna, O.
J. H. NICHOLS,
Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office
in Phoenix Block over Second National Bank,
Ravenna, Ohio.
S. F. HANSELMAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office in the Court House,
Ravenna, O.
I. T. SIDDALL,
Attorney at Law,
Office in Phoenix Block, RAVENNA, O.
J. W. HOLCOMB,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Telephone No. 58, Room 12, Middle Block
Ravenna, Ohio.
I. H. PHELPS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
(2nd) Office in Swift Block, Ravenna, O.
HARRY L. BEATTY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office, Room 18, Middle Block,
1115-17 RAVENNA, OHIO.

FOR SALE
OR
Exchange.
GOOD RESIDENCE PROPERTY in Ravenna
for Sale, or will exchange for small Farm
R. F. WOODRINGER

The Quaker Mills!
Will continue to pay the highest market price
for WHEAT AND OATS, and will have for
sale a full line of Mill Feed. Also, Baled Hay
and Straw. Goods delivered free of charge in
Corporation. Telephone No. 4.
THE AMERICAN CEREAL CO.

COAL.
We are Headquarters for
Best Hard Coal!
See us before buying.
MORGAN & SON.

James Shepherd,
Have opened a shop in the rear of the Fox Block
RAVENNA, OHIO, and are prepared
to do all work in the line of
TINWARE,
ROOFING AND SPOUTING
A Specialty. Also, all kinds of galvanneal
iron work, and Stove and Furnace
repairing.
All work guaranteed. Prices satisfactory.

Teachers' Examinations.
Examinations will be held, commencing at 9
o'clock, a. m., and closing at 4 p. m., on the first
Saturday of each month, at Ravenna, at the
third Saturday in October and April in Kent,
and the third Saturday in November and March
in Garrettsville. No certificate will be
awarded. By order of the Board.
E. A. MERRILL, Clerk.

A Good Assortment of -:- High Grade Buggies -:- at Low Down Prices
A LARGE STOCK OF
HAND AND MACHINE MADE
T. F. THOMPSON.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Vol. 25, No. 48 RAVENNA, O., WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1893. WHOLE No. 1295.

DO YOU KNOW

A good thing when you see it? If you are wise, you'll heed. We state facts, ask investigation. We're sure of your patronage.

Pointers for July

Special Discount on All of Our Suits

We still have a fine assortment of all the latest and nobby things for Men and Boys. Sure to please you.

NEGLIGEE SHIRTS

Men's Madras, Cheviot and Sateen Negligee Shirts, made with Full Yoke and Collar Band—regular 75c. goods—go at 50c.

Men's Laundered Collar and Cuff Negligee Shirts in Madras Cloth, fast colors—regular \$1.00 grade—go at 75c.

Celebrated "National" Negligee Shirts in MADRAS, BEDFORD CORD AND SATEN—regular \$1.25 and \$1.35 goods—go at \$1.00.

371 Pairs of SUMMER PANTS

TO CLOSE AT A BARGAIN

HERE ARE SOME MONEY SAVERS. They are Bargains you cannot afford to let go by. RECEIVED THIS WEEK

A*New*Crop*of*Straw*Hats

This is our Third Crop this season. You can imagine these were purchased at less than One-Half former prices, and we are selling them at less than Wholesale Prices early in the season. They are Bargains. Don't miss them.

Nothing but Bargains in Our Entire Stock

This Time of Year.

COME ALL, AND SEE THEM.

One-half Fare paid on all R. R. on purchases amounting to \$5.00 or more.

ROCHESTER CLOTHING CO.

B. HESKINS! MANAGER.

RISDON & TAYLOR,

GROCERIES, *

PROVISIONS, *

FAMILY SUPPLIES

Everything within bounds, and everything trim

Clean Goods. Neatness. Promptness.

PRICES AT THE BOTTOM.

Ravenna, O.

There is Nothing in the Way

PICTURES, FRAMES, EASELS
ARTISTS' MATERIALS
STATIONERY, ETC.

That we cannot supply you with, guaranteeing at all times highest quality at lowest prices.

OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC PRODUCTIONS

Are ahead of all others.—We are also prepared to furnish you with

CRAYONS OF ALL SIZES

Infinitely better than you can obtain of agents, and for less money.

In short, we are headquarters for everything in our line, and you will do well to place your orders with us.

No. 4, OPERA BLOCK. J. H. OAKLEY.

My uncle felt heavily on the ground path. I fell heavily on top of him and plinked his arms to the ground.

"Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?"

"It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect ignorance."

A—There was no truth, after all, in the report of Lawyer Schmitt's death.

B—I'm glad to hear it. Why should a man keep employees if they cannot render him an occasional service like this?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Growing Old.

The fairest lilies droop at eventide. The sweetest roses fall from off the stem. The fairest things on earth must fade. And we are passing, too, away from them. We're growing old.

We had our dreams, those frosty dreams of youth. They faded, and 'twas well. This after prime life brought us, those dreams of youth, for sooth. We drop a tear now in this later time. To think we're old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the past—A sudden smile, almost akin to pain. Those high desires, those purposes so vast, Ah, our poor hearts! they cannot come again. We're growing old.

Old! Well, heaven be our aid! This earth is old wine is best, matured fruit most sweet; Much have we lost, more gained, although 'tis true. We live life's way with most uncertain fate. We're growing old.

We move along, and scatter as we pass. Soft graces, tender hopes on every hand; At last with gray-streaked hair and hollow eyes. We step across the boundary of the land. Where none—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AUNT POKKINS' EARRINGS.

Detective stories have always been my favorite form of literature. I have read many, and have gained from them a thorough contempt for probability and the police. The first story I should do when a crime has been committed, as I often said to Uncle Pokkins, is to suspicion the most unlikely man as being the criminal.

The course I adopted when Aunt Pokkins' earrings were stolen. It was in the morning when the theft was discovered. Aunt Pokkins came late and ran into the room where Uncle Pokkins, Dora and I were breakfasting. My aunt bore traces of strong agitation, and she had a policeman with her.

"My earrings," she cried. "They are gone—they are stolen!"

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Uncle Pokkins, "supposing I had them if he had been shot, and leaping up with a yell of pain. He said the yell was attributed to the heat of the tea, which was trickling down his legs."

My aunt explained. The earrings were kept wrapped in cotton wool in a jewel-box on her dressing table. The box was never locked, and the housemaid had access to it. The girl had only been in the house a week, and was known to have a beau. My aunt and cousin at once concluded she was the thief, and a policeman was called who searched her trunk and found nothing of importance. I could have told them that.

Meanwhile I kept my eye on Uncle Pokkins. He was the one person who could have no motive whatever in stealing the earrings. He was very rich, most respectable, and extremely slow and noisy in his movements. Moreover, my aunt would have given him the earrings at any moment if he had asked for them in his office.

The last man to attract suspicion. Accordingly I watched Uncle Pokkins closely.

We passed a week of excitement. The police were running in and out. Dora cross-examined the housemaid incessantly. Aunt Pokkins went about weeping and reminding every one she met of the loss of her earrings.

My uncle Pokkins on the occasion of their engagement. My uncle himself affected to make light of the matter and went so far as to tell me, in jest, that he would like to see the earrings.

He was wrong if he thought I could be put off the scent by that clumsy maneuver. I never left him alone. I tracked him to the city, hung about all the morning, shadowed him when he went to lunch, when he returned, when he crossed over to the exchange. Unknown to him I was on his heels, inside if he rode on top, and on the top when he rode and he stowed himself away inside. He never escaped me, except while he was in his office.

At last, after ten days' weary chasing, I was rewarded. I need not say that the police had discovered nothing. The house was still topsy-turvy, and my aunt subject to intermittent hysterics. That wronged creature, the housemaid, did her work with a mop in one hand and in the other a handkerchief wet with innocent tears. But to return to Uncle Pokkins. The tenth day after the earrings had disappeared, as he was brushing his coat before leaving the house and looking at my aunt's fear-be-dewed visage, his conscious smote him and he forgot himself as to exclaim audibly: "I'm blamed if I can stand this any longer. I had him now. In an instant I was after him. He took a bus, I took a cab, and started for the city. Now came the little thing Uncle Pokkins disappeared. How it happened I do not know, but when the bus pulled up at the bank Uncle Pokkins was not to be seen. I questioned the conductor, but he had evidently been bribed, and told me very rudely that he had something better to do than answer my riddles. He drove on, and I was left for the first time at fault.

It was evening before I saw Uncle Pokkins. I was going home in a very disconsolate state, when about two hundred yards from our gate, I espied him ahead of me. Quickening my pace I stealthily approached him. He opened the gate and passed in; noiselessly I followed him. A little farther, sheltered by the shrubbery, he stopped, and after a stealthy glance toward the house took from his overcoat pocket a small morocco case. I slipped just behind him, and with mingled horror and satisfaction as I looked over his shoulder, I saw the earrings! I was right! Uncle Pokkins had them! I gave 'em to her or not?" he said to himself. "It's rank waste. Still it will keep her quiet. I watched the struggle between his good and evil angels. Clearly his good angel had triumphed so far as to bring the earrings within fifty yards of Aunt Pokkins, but now came the tug of war. I was severe, and it ended in the victory of evil. Uncle Pokkins, shutting the case with a snap, exclaimed: "It's all blamed nonsense! I'll take 'em back to Abraham's to-morrow."

Abraham no doubt was the receiver, for my uncle went on, in a satisfied tone: "He'll make no trouble about taking 'em."

He was putting the case into his pocket when my feelings overcame me. Respect for one's elderly relatives is a praiseworthy feeling, but it must not be allowed to override higher duties. I flung myself on Uncle Pokkins, crying: "Surrender! You cannot escape me!"

My uncle fell heavily on the gravel path. I fell heavily on top of him and plinked his arms to the ground.

"Tom!" he exclaimed, "what the mischief—are you drunk?"

"It is useless, sir," I began, "to affect ignorance."

A—There was no truth, after all, in the report of Lawyer Schmitt's death.

B—I'm glad to hear it. Why should a man keep employees if they cannot render him an occasional service like this?—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Clouds are on the average about 500 yards in thickness.

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

A Divorce Case in the Mountain Districts of the State of Kentucky.

A divorce case is a rarity in the courts of the mountain districts of Kentucky, yet sometimes among these persons living near the country towns where lawyers congregate, such a legal proceeding occurs. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Looker were of this class, says the *Detroit Free Press*. They lived near a country town and had lived there for twenty years very comfortably and had accumulated some property. A difference arose between them, however, and they agreed to a division of the property and a divorce. Harvey left his wife and the house they had always lived in and on that half of the farm it was agreed should be his he built a log cabin for himself and transferred to it his share of the household effects. Each one secured a lawyer to attend to the legal part of the affair and then they waited for developments.

One month Harvey did very nicely in his new home and was apparently quite well satisfied. The second month he was lonesome and every evening he could be seen sitting in front of his cabin gazing longingly toward the much better house in which his wife lived. If she appeared at his door about her house, however, Harvey indulged out of sight and tried to make himself believe that Mandy was a woman any man ought to be glad he had got rid of. He held frequent consultations with his lawyer, after each of which he felt better, but as the rough winter days came on and he could not get into town so often and the long winter evenings shut him in by his fireside Harvey felt sometimes that perhaps Mandy wasn't quite as hard to get along with as some other women he knew of. One day he went to town for consultation, because he couldn't stand it any longer, and when he returned later in the afternoon he found his wife sitting in the parlor with a thrashing machine, but there was a satisfied atmosphere about her which had not been there in the morning.

After he had stood in himself out a little at his cabin he started off to his wife's house. It was growing dark rapidly and Mandy's light streamed from the window that led Harvey from the gate to the house. He knocked nervously at the door—the door that he had opened so many times as his own.

"Who's there?" called Mandy from within.

"It's me," responded Harvey with a nervous jerk to his voice that frightened her.

"Who's me?"

"Don't you know me, Mandy—Mrs. Looker? It's Harvey."

"How could he hear her say, as she unfazed the door he could not find much welcome in it.

"It's you, it's you," she continued sharply, "you stand in the doorway with a candle in her hand."

"Yes, Mandy, it's me," he confessed awkwardly, without attempting to come beyond the sill.

"Well, what do you want? I thought you lived down there by the road. You haven't made a mistake in the house, have you?"

"Mandy, I haven't. I came up to see you about our divorce."

"I thought the lawyers was tendin' to that."

"Yes, Mandy, I guess," he said, rather vaguely.

"Ain't you'n too?" she asked, manifesting an interest that gave him some food for thought.

"No, Mandy, he ain't. You see, Mandy," he went on hurriedly, "I had a talk with him recently, and in the talks about you that I went on to stand a minute from nobody, so I threw my coat and gave him such a whaling right that in his office that he ain't got to be able to 'tend' to nobody's business for a month, much less mine, so I thought I'd better come up here and see you about it."

She made no reply for several seconds, but there was something in her face that had not been there since Harvey went away.

"Been to supper?" she asked abruptly.

"No, Mandy," replied Harvey, with a shiver, for it was cold at the door.

"Then come in and we kin talk it over while we eat," she said, and Harvey sat in the bright light and caught the fragrance of the coffee and the ham and saw the white, fleecy biscuits that Mandy set before him, looking him in the face and then as she moved, his thought of his cold, cheerless, comfortable cabin and a great lump came into his throat and as Mandy sat down at the head of the table he looked up at her almost timidly.

"Dart the divorce," she said, impatiently.

"Mandy," exclaimed Harvey, and he didn't go back to his cabin that night or ever again except to bring home what was there of his and Mandy's.

Ate Up Her Collars.

A well-known New Yorker of continental habits had for years been living in a rice pudding upon his return home late at night. The cold pudding was always left on the sideboard by his good wife. The other night, in the dim light left burning low, he spied his favorite dish and ate the contents. The next morning his wife missed the rice collars she had laid out for him, and she was so threatened to sue for limited divorce, not because of the loss of the collars, but because her husband said that they had eaten up her best puddings!—*N. Y. Metropolis.*

Made Money on Air-Tight Pies.

"Them fellers at Chicago is makin' a whole lot of money in the hash business," said the man with the ginger beard, "but I jist bet they ain't none of them got on to the scheme that a feller out in Colorado did once."

The grocer sat looking dreamily out the window, wondering when his commission was coming with the postmaster's stamp, says the *Indianapolis Journal*. The man with the ginger beard, who was the grocer, got into the market across the street, thought better of it, came back and went on as though the grocer had exhibited the deepest interest.

"It was jist like this," he said. "This here feller made a thousand dollars in one year sellin' air-tight pies."

"What is air-tight pies?"

"Air-tight pies," said the man with the ginger beard, "is pies which is air tight. The feller made 'em this way. Them pies was made of two crusts, and the fillin' was wind, which he blowed into them till they was about two inches thick. You see, he sold them pies to the tourists, to be et off the premises—mostly when they was out explorin'. Feller would buy the pie, thinking it was the thickest pie for the money that ever he had bought, and so it was; but when he come to bite into it his teeth would come together so sudden that some of 'em was jist likely to break off as not. But then tenderfoot is made to be skinned, and when the Lord sends one a good man's way he is a sucker himself if he don't do him up as he should be did."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LUCK WAS AGAINST HIM.

But His Heart Broke When His Mill Machinery Ran the Wrong Way.

He wasn't a tramp exactly, but he was on the way there, says the *Detroit Free Press*. She, however, continued to chant for a dollar, and the merchant was rather interested in him.

"I don't see," he said, "why you go about asking for money or help. You are an intelligent man and I should think you could get something better to do."

"I don't know about that," was the despondent rejoinder. "The Lord knows I tried hard enough to get along before I lost my heart entirely."

"Well, a little of everything. I had some money and I thought I'd go to raising rice in South Carolina and show those people down there how to do it right. I know it all of course, and one day a man came along selling a new brand of seed rice. He was a nice looking man from New York, and I liked his style. He liked my style, too, he said, and would sell me the exclusive right to handle his stuff in South Carolina. It was something new, a seed that could be exposed to the light, but that would yield three times as much as the old varieties. That was what I was looking for, and very quietly I took it in, paying \$200 for the right and four sealed cans of seed. I did all the work at night, and when it was finished I sat down to wait and to chuckle over my enterprise. But I waited and waited and nothing came, and one day I looked into the old cans and found I had been stuck with some mean little wheat grains, and you might as well try to raise icebergs in the bad place as to raise wheat in a South Carolina rice swamp."

"That was bad luck," said the sympathizing merchant.

"So I thought, and I left the state and went to raising cattle in western Kansas. Hadn't I got more than my herd set out before a cyclone came along and blew every horn of it clean over into the next county, and when I got back my cattle was all gone, and I was left with a bunch of pious cowboys who had gathered them in with his own informed me that they had been sent to him by providence, and he'd like to see any of a gun try to take them away. As for a Winchester, I didn't see my way clear to interfering with the ways of providence, and I left the country."

"It's pretty hard when providence goes against a man," ventured the merchant kindly.

"Yes, but that isn't all," sighed the disconsolate one. "With what little I had left I went to Pennsylvania and bought a water power gristmill in the mountain regions. It cost me up with new machinery, and for awhile I looked as if my luck had changed and I was going to come out on top at last. But one night a big mine lying under the stream that gave me my mill power caved in or sank down just enough to change the lay of the land, and by gum, the water began to run the other way, and when I got to the mill in the morning the water gates were open, the stream was running up hill, as it were, and my mill machinery had been running backward until every blamed wheel was busted and the whole shebang was a wreck."

The man wiped a tear from his eye. "Then it was," he went on, "that my heart broke, and I laid right down and quit. Now, do you blame me for what I am doing?"

"The Lord gave him \$2 and the man was in the police court next morning."

FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR LOSSES.

The French Dead Numbered 136,000 and the German Dead 49,000.

In discussing the German army bill the *Mittheilunges Wochenblatt* contains a statement which is said to have been published fully before relative to losses in the Franco-Prussian war.

According to this paper there fell on the battlefield or died of their wounds on the German side 1,881 officers and 26,397 men; the number of wounded was 4,299 officers and 84,304 men; of the missing, 127 officers and 12,257 men, aggregating a total loss of 6,247 officers and 123,433 men.

Among the missing, those still missing, or at least to some certain information has been obtained up to the year 1892, must be counted among the dead. These, numbering about 4,000, of the 17,105 who perished from disease bring the total up to 49,000 Germans who died for their country during this memorable war.

On the other side, it is estimated that the French lost 9,900 officers and 136,000 men by death, of whom 17,633 died in German hospitals. There fell in infantry at its average strength, but the cavalry lost 1,470 per cent; of artillery, 1,288 per cent, and of the pioneers, 37 per cent.

As to the separate contingents the Russian part of their blood for the restoration of the unity of the German empire, losing 5.97 per cent; the Bavarians 5.88 per cent, the Saxons 5.40 per cent, the Prussians 4.85 per cent, the Badenians 3.76, and the Wurtembergers 3.51.

A very large number of German soldiers had to be placed upon the invalid list after the war, numbering 69,895 subalterns and men who were in active service in 1870-71. This is 6.28 per cent of all the German soldiers who went into the field.

The pension appropriation of the German empire amounts to about 500,000,000 marks, or \$119,000,000, out of which the wounded and dependent survivors of the late war receive their pensions.

Lilies as Food.

The water lily is said to be largely used in some parts of India as food. The fruit of one species that grows plentifully in the lakes of Cashmere is rich in starch and has much the flavor of a chestnut.

If the lilies are dried they will keep for a long time and when ground may be made into cakes or porridge or they may be soaked for some hours and then boiled.

The seeds of the lotus are also much used in India. When green they are eaten raw; when ripe they are boiled. The root, too, is often boiled and served as a vegetable.—*Waterbury.*

European goldsmiths make up \$24,000,000 into gold plate and jewelry annually.

Union Roller Mills.

P. O. WOOD, Proprietor.

"SATISFACTION" FLOUR!
Every Sack Guaranteed.

ALL KINDS OF MILL FEED
AT LOWEST PRICES.

WON BOTH GIRL AND BET.

He Was an Adonis and She a Sweet Young Thing.—The Others Fooled.

She was positively pretty, with a refined and sweetly demure face, and in her quiet yet distinctly chic costume pleasantly suggestive of the winsome damsels portrayed by Abbey. The interior of the north-side suburban train was but faintly lit, and the atmosphere damp and murky enough to congeal with but little more effort on the part of old Frodo.

Four swaggy young fellows after trying in every conceivable way had not made the faintest progress in her favor or attention and evidently the limit of their technical prowess had been reached at least, for they all with one accord waxed wroth at the sweetly pretty one. A council was convened, and to the freedom of the uncoupled seat near her—but soon the conquering hero was benignly eyeing the disgraced ones and placidly supporting the trunk with his right arm, whilst she, the repellent and haughty—was inundating him with decidedly amusing recital and merry musical laughter.

"By Geoffrey!"

"How did he manage it?"

"Well, he is a good one!"

Varied and anxious were the surprised admissions won from the vicinity of the vanquished, as they respectfully produced and held in rufous readiness the just dues of the piper in the vicinity.

When Rogers Park was nearly reached the victor carefully deposited the bunch of seemingly ripened milkweed pods, enhanced by Rogers Park, upon his smiling owner's lap and jauntily sauntered toward the disconsolate quartet, methodically pocketed the incense of Cassius, and then remarked with grave courtesy:

"By the way, boys, come over and let me present you. She insists, as she would like to know you after all your efforts."

A wicked glance for a moment marred the depths of the keen, candid, handsome face.

"Yes. Married two months. A former school friend of my sister's," and the glance rested on the most abashed of the disgraced coterie. "She had just been visiting Dora at Ravenswood, and," quizzically, "had heard of you Ned, old boy."

"Yes. The dearest, daintiest wife, boys, that I ever had."

But the "boys" had merged themselves hastily somewhere into the dun-colored shadows, and only the discordant shriek of the rapidly disappearing engine replied mockingly to the awed old yet ever new paragon.—*Chicago Times.*

TO MAKE GOOD COFFEE.

Some Practical Suggestions for the Young Housekeepers.

Remember in making coffee—That the same flavor will not suit every taste.

That everyone can be suited to a nicety by properly blending two or more kinds.

That equal parts of M